

Captain Picard of the Enterprise

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Summary: Captain Picard and his ship's trusty crew are the ultimate force for the United Federation of Continents. When Admiral Kraden of Seafleet sends a message, the Enterprise is ordered to intercept a mysterious Proxian Bird of Prey... A Star Trek parody.

***Chapter 1*: Prologue**

Prologue

Through the silent Great Western Sea, there cruised a great seaship. It had the head of a dragon, and the wings of a dragon as well. Upon its side there were engraved letters. They read 'NCC 1701-D.' The ship's full name was 'The Federation Ship Enterprise.'

Upon the deck there stood a proud man, with blue bangs and a head-dress. He stood imposingly, gazing out across the open waters. There stood a blonde girl at the helm, checking the coordinates and trajectory of the ship on the small LCARS console beside her.

"Captain," she said, looking up, "we'll be entering Proxian sea-airspace in approximately 3 hours and 12 minutes."

"Number One, what do you recommend?" asked the captain.

"Begin Psycrystal injection and prepare for Warp Three. Load Magma Balls into the cannon and charge weapons."

"Excellent." The captain stood up, letting all feel his presence. "Make it so."

All present shivered. The captain radiated such *power* when he said that.

The Tactical Officer began pressing the button on his own LCARS console, carrying out the orders. He was much taller than 'Number One,' and bulkily built. Also his hair was big and red instead of long and brown, and he wasn't a woman, like the second-in-command was.

The captain, again in his chair on the 'bridge,' as it was called, pressed a button on the armrest. "Ivan, I may need you on the bridge when we engage the Proxian Bird of Prey."

The science officer's disembodied voice came from a speaker that no-one could actually see. "I'm on my way, sir." His voice was very clear and precise; this was at least partially due to the fact that he was an android.

The captain smiled. The enemy ship would not escape now.

Three days earlier Admiral Kraden of Seafleet had contacted Captain Picard of the TS Enterprise, NCC 1701-D, with details of an attack by what seemed to be a renegade Proxian Bird of Prey on the great docks of Lalivero. Several other ships had been dispatched from Lemuria to intercept and confirm the enemy status of the Proxian vessel. All had been destroyed.

Several seabases had been transmitted details of sightings. The Bird of Prey did not attack them, but seemed only to engage with those that actually interfered with its return to the far north.

Admiral Kraden told Picard that the renegade ship had stolen something of great importance; the captain wasn't authorised to know what, and as soon as the enemy ship was destroyed or disabled he was to send a sub-space message back to Seafleet Headquarters at Tolbi. They would dispatch a salvage crew to retrieve the stolen item.

Picard, being the good captain he was, didn't even question these orders.

He stood up again, and all stood in awe of the great man.

He gave the order. "Helm, set a course to intercept the enemy ship at warp three. Once we arrive, rotate 180 around them at half-impulse."

"Yes, sir," said the helmsman as she keyed in the commands.

Captain Picard sat down, and pointed his finger out in front of him. "Engage."

The great wings lowered to optimise propulsion. In a chamber deep inside the ship, a Psycrystal was passed through an electron induction field, ionising it, and then ejected into the warp core. There it decayed, slowly releasing huge amounts of elemental energy to power the impressive warp drive.

The nacelles on the wings briefly glowed blue, then the Enterprise was off.

On board the Bird of Prey, the Proxians were arguing; this was common amongst them. The people of Prox had fought a long war against the Federation a couple of centuries earlier, but that had been resolved. There was now a peace between them, but still enmity, though neither side admitted it.

These people were easily distinguishable. Each featured a unique skin colour, such as baby blue, radish red or a pungent green. Scales also covered their upper arms and shoulders, and their foreheads had ridges upon them. Some of the Proxians' ridges even had spikes, which was certainly handy at a barbeque if you had run out of skewers, though many still preferred not to walk around with chunks of pineapple gracing their faces.

"I keep on telling you, but no-one listens!" roared a thuggishly built Proxian. "The accursed Federation will be after our blood!"

A younger red Proxian kicked him and he fell to the ground groaning in pain.

"You're an idiot, flare-head!" yelled the younger Proxian. Her somewhat sinister red eyes glared at him, but he didn't see that because he was currently engaged in letting everyone there know of the agony through which he was going.

A tall but somewhat leaner blue Proxian stamped his foot a few times. "Shuddup you morons! I wanna say something!" He pounded his chest thrice. "I have spoken!" He grabbed the muscular man who was still bemoaning his pain to the world by the nape of his neck, and yelled in his face.

"Agatio, you spineless apple chomper! You hogmanay heathen! You barbarian horned plate! I hate you!" He threw the poor man at the wall.

A red woman started singing. "Oh, Saturos, what have you done to hiiiiim? Please, deposit me not in a biiiin! And Karst, my dear younger sisteeer, don't burn yourself and get blisteeers!"

"Quiet you!" bellowed the blue man, and he head-butted her in a most un-gentlemanly manner.

"Yaah!" The younger red girl started kung fu-ing the bully. "Leave my sister alone!"

Amidst the unbridled chaos, there sat two men. One appeared to have come from either Imil or Lemuria, for his hair and eyes were blue, and he was effeminate. The other man had brown hair in a ponytail, a bit like a deranged punk rock star, but his expression was deadly serious.

"Let us hope that our plan does not go awry," he said in a dead tone to the polished blue-head.

"Indeed. At this stage of our operation, it would be severely demoralising to have come thus far and to fail now."

The brunet nodded. He pressed a button on his chair in much the same way as Captain Picard had done only a few minutes before, but this time a small hatch opened and two cups come out.

"Tea, Alex?"

"If you please, Felix."

Ignoring the shouting and cries of pain coming from around them, the pair sipped their heated beverage and brooded silently.

***Chapter 2*: Chapter One**

Chapter 1

Helmsman Sheba looked up. "Captain. Intersect with Proxian vessel in approximately 2 minutes."

Captain Picard nodded. "Excellent. Gareth, your knowledge of Proxian defence systems is well-known. What would be the best way to disable their ship whilst doing minimum damage?"

"Uh..." Gareth, the Tactical Officer, didn't know.

"I see that my time is wasted. Ivan what do you have to say on the matter?"

Ivan, despite his boyish android exterior, had a vast intellect. "The Bird of Prey's shields are currently shown from scans to be at 88, due to its engagement with the Federation ships. However, it also seems to be the case that the rear shields are suffering from energy fluctuation, possibly due to instability in the Mars energy. I would recommend harmonising our attacks to Mercury energy in an attempt to destabilise this further.

"Once we have created a flux in the rear shields, we should strike the main power conduits running along the wings with carefully placed Tundra attacks. When the main power is down, the ship will be temporarily debilitated, and we may ensure that it remains that way until the salvage ship arrives." Ivan finished.

Picard nodded again. "Very well."

Lieutenant Sheba spoke up. "Captain, we are coming out of warp, approximately 1.4 nautical miles from the enemy vessel."

"Battle stations!" ordered Picard, grinning. He loved sea battles.

"Captain Felix, Lord Alex!" roared Agatio, the largest blue Proxian. "A Federation vessel has come out of warp just over a mile away!"

"What?" snarled Alex. "What ship is it?"

Saturos who was by far the intellectual superior to Agatio was working furiously at his computer console. "Scanning now, sir." His fingers and eyes flew across the small bright screen. Proxian letters flashed across it, and his eyes widened in sudden fear. "Its broadcast signals match those of the Enterprise."

Alex stood up abruptly, spilling his tea all over the newly furbished bridge chairs. "The *Enterprise*?" He turned to the other commander. "Felix, this is worse than we thought."

"Wait Alex, we do not as yet have confirmation. It could be a trick, the Federation trying to get us to change our course." He called to the helmsman, Menardi. "Are we in visual range yet?"

"Ten seconds, sir."

"Whatever it is, it's catching up too quickly," muttered Alex as he scrubbed the leather chair.

Felix just tapped his foot.

"We're in visual range, captain."

"On screen."

The large panel at the front of the bridge lit up with the image of a huge dragon head at the prow of a ship. A single huge cannon was glowing menacingly with fire energy, and the vessel's name could clearly be seen.

"Dandelions," cursed Felix. "It *is* the Enterprise."

Alex stood up beside him. "Felix, we cannot allow this ship to be caught."

"I know that, but what can we do? The Enterprise's weapons systems far outmatch our own. It was one thing with those other ships. They were weak, with weak captains. The Enterprise is different. If we engage them, we'll be ripped to pieces." He sat down and held his head, trying to think.

"The enemy vessel will intercept us in approximately one minute," said Menardi from her post.

Alex ignored her, and sat down next to Felix. "We could use that for which we came," he whispered.

Felix looked up. "But we're still at sea. And we've never tried it before; we haven't had enough time to study it. For all we know, it could destroy the ship."

"But that's what will happen anyway!" hissed Alex. "That or we'll be captured and towed back to Tolbi or Lalivero and all that we've worked for will come to nothing."

Felix thought, then nodded. "At least if we try there's a possibility that we'll escape. You're right Alex."

The Lord Alex smiled and tossed some of his hair over his shoulder for a shimmering effect. "We may die, but we'll die

doing what we must." The two men thumped each others' shoulders in a comradely fashion.

"Very well," said Felix as they stood up. "You stay here and take full command of the bridge. I'll head to the warp core and prepare the modifications."

Alex nodded. "I'll send a sub-space message to Puelle informing him of the situation."

"Good. Lieutenant Karst, you come with me." The Science Officer walked with him to the warp pad. Before they left, Felix turned to the blue-head. "If all else fails, we'll eject the core on a course for Prox. Is that in accord with your wishes, Alex?"

"Yes. I'll enter the ejection codes from the bridge."

Felix nodded, then stepped onto the pad with Karst, and they were gone.

"Captain, we're within range of the Bird of Prey."

Picard stood up, straightening out his Federation-issue uniform. "Battle stations, put the whole ship on red alert. Helm, I want you to take full manual control. Mr Garet, charge the Magma Cannon and the A-phasers." He pressed his combadge. "Dr Mia, we may be needing you up here."

"I'm on my way, sir" said the Doctor from the speaker.

Picard spoke again. "Jenna, keep yourself ready for all eventualities. We don't know -"

Suddenly the whole sky darkened, but the darkness felt wrong, as though the sun wasn't being blocked but rather it wasn't there. There was a loud rushing noise, and Picard had

to hold onto his head-dress to keep it from being blown away in the sudden wind. Just as quickly as it started, it stopped.

He spun around to face Ivan. "Just what in the world was that?" he demanded.

The young android barely looked up from his console. "It seemed to be a very large elemental disturbance."

"Captain, look!" cried out Mia who had just arrived from sickbay. She was pointing at the sun. A large chunk was missing from the side.

Garet picked his nose in fear. "Captain, we need to know what's going on," he said worriedly.

"I know that!" snapped Picard. He wasn't usually like this, but he had never seen anything like this before, and even he was scared. "Ivan, we need any data you can give us."

"I'm working on it, sir."

Just then the sea around the Proxian ship ahead seemed to be sprayed up by an invisible whip. Drops of water spiralled up into the air in a large circle around the boat, hung suspended for a second, and then blew out and away from the centre.

Picard blinked as a few droplets hit his cheek, and then felt a sharp pain. He put his hand up, and when he took it away he saw that the water had flown with such force that the impact had made his cheek bleed.

He stood in shock for a few seconds, then regained his composure and turned back to Ivan. The android had not been injured like everyone else had.

"Have you got anything yet?"

Ivan shook his head a bit worriedly. "I'm not sure. It appears that a very large amount of energy is either being drawn... or created... around the bird of prey."

Picard narrowed his eyes. "Why do say 'created?' I thought it was impossible to create elemental energy away from the lighthouses."

"I too believed that, sir, but looking at this..."

Picard turned back around to glare ahead at the Proxians. Mia was hurrying around to heal the injured crewmembers. "It doesn't matter. We just need to stop that ship."

"Sir," Ivan spoke up yet again. "Scanners indicate fluctuations in the warp core of the enemy vessel. It is possible that they are using impure Psycrystals, but the output seems too great for Psycrystals of any kind."

"Is that what's producing the disturbance?" wondered Picard. His thoughts were cut short.

"Sir!" shouted Sheba. "Enemy vessel is turning to port, 90 degrees!"

"Curses," muttered Picard. "Ivan, get the enemy's shield fluctuations and send them to Isaac." He pressed his badge. "Isaac, Ivan will send you the enemy's shield frequencies. I need you to set the A-phasers to disruptive frequencies in order to break past their defences."

"Yes sir!" bellowed Isaac from Main Engineering. "Finally something to do!"

It's a good thing we keep him down there all the time, thought Picard. He shook his head and got back to the job at hand.

Felix and Karst were working furiously at consoles in the bird of prey's engineering section. Before them the immense warp core glowed a violent blue. Swirling shapes blew around within it.

"Lower the Psycrystal Injection Field and recalibrate the harmonisers for manual injection," said Felix.

"PCIF is down, the harmonisers are calibrated," replied Karst. Vapour billowed from a huge pipe as locks on it disengaged and motors retracted it. "I am readjusting the LLPE for PES."

"You know what to do, Karst," said Felix. He tapped a few more buttons, then stepped away. "As soon as the manual injector is in position, alert me."

"Yes sir."

Felix walked around to the other side of the core. A large metal door barred his way, a small screen beside it.

The captain pressed his hand against it, and a thin green light sped up and down, scanning it. He then placed his eye in front of it, and his iris was checked. Finally a pair of tweezers pulled out a nose hair for genetic analysis. Once the computer was satisfied that Felix was Felix, huge gears pulled the door back, and he stepped inside. A small box lay before him on a pedestal.

Back on the other side of the core, Karst saw Felix leaving the vault and then climbing up into a Jefferies tube.

Excellent, she thought, smiling to herself. Captain Felix will show those Federation scum what happens when they decide to interrupt what's none of their business.

Felix grunted as he lugged the heavy box behind him. Soon he saw his destination.

He entered a glass tube high up the warp core. Below he saw Karst still working to get the core ready. Pressing his Proxian combadge, he said "Karst, are you ready yet?"

She looked up from below and waved, a happy expression on her face. Her voice came back. "Almost sir!" She even sounded happy. She pressed the last few buttons. "There."

Ahead of Felix the injector blew off the tube. The chugging of heavy machinery could be heard as the huge pipe slowly spun around. From the other side another pipe, just as large, moved around. It lowered itself and then pneumatic pumps forced it out to lock onto the Jefferies tube. Metal catches spun out, securing the manual injector in place.

Everything was now in place. Felix keyed in the command to open the injector; a metal plate whirred and opened. Inside there were four loops of metal. In the middle there was a standard Psycrystal, connected to the four loops. This part of the injector had been specially modified for the mission.

Just then Alex's voice came through on the communication. "Felix, just what are you doing? There are some very strange things going on up here."

"Don't worry," said Felix as he opened the case. Inside there were four large jewels. "We're almost done. We're just loading the injector now."

"Well, you need to hurry up! We're going to turn, get ready to fire."

"You do that," muttered Felix to himself as the combadge went silent. He pressed more buttons, and the injector's door whirred shut again. He quickly picked up the case and scurried back through the Jefferies tube, leaving the suspended glass section.

Karst looked up as an exhausted captain came running over.

"We're done," he said to Karst and his combadge at the same time. Then to Karst only, "Raise the PES shielding and prepare to ignite the crystal."

Around the core a hole appeared in the floor. From it rose a huge steel tower, completely surrounding the warp core. As soon as it locked into place with a resounding crash, gigantic cracks of electricity burst out from the core to the walls of the chamber.

"Preparing to ignite," said Karst.

A smirk grew on Felix's face. *Now is the time. Now the Federation will pay.*